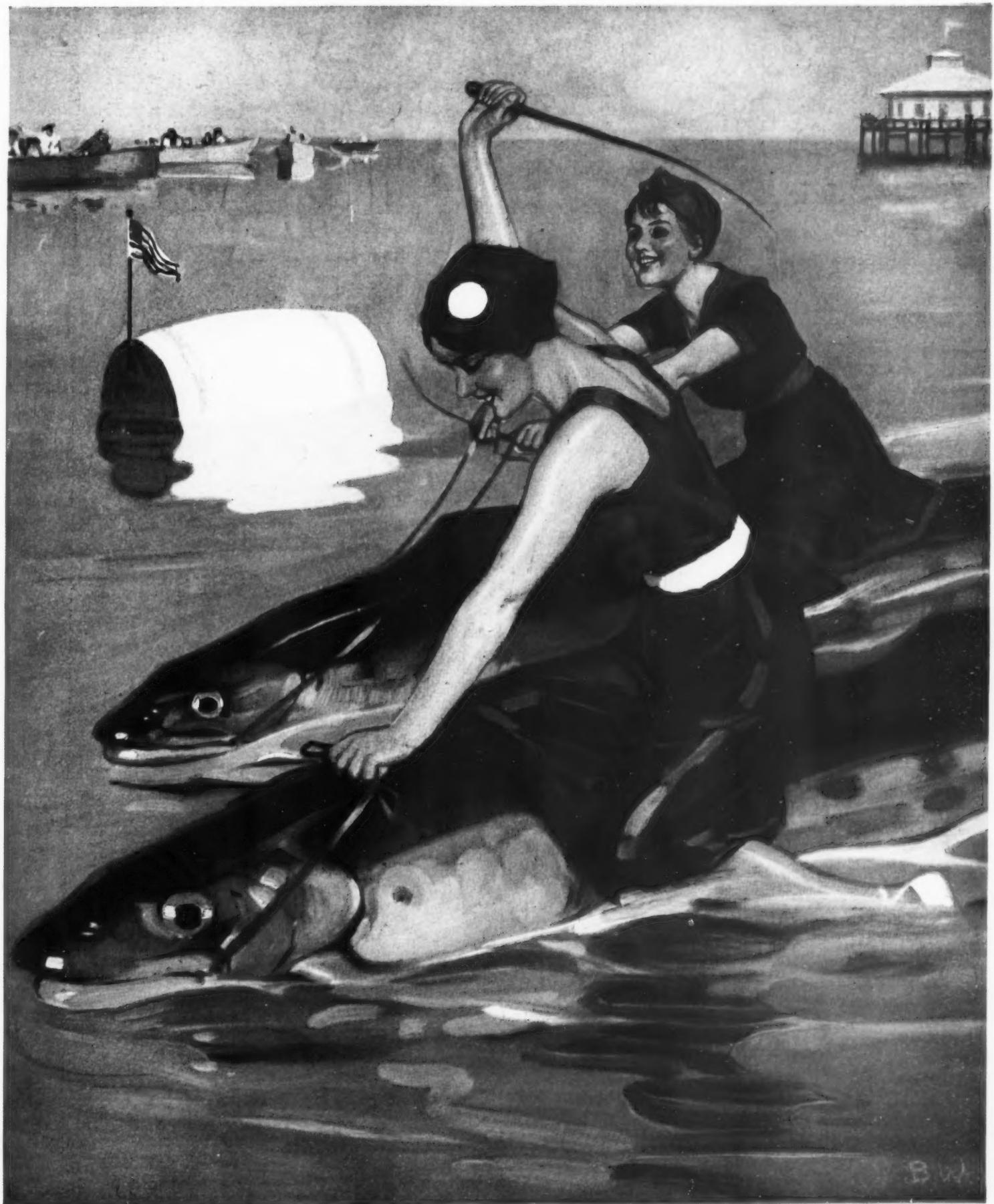


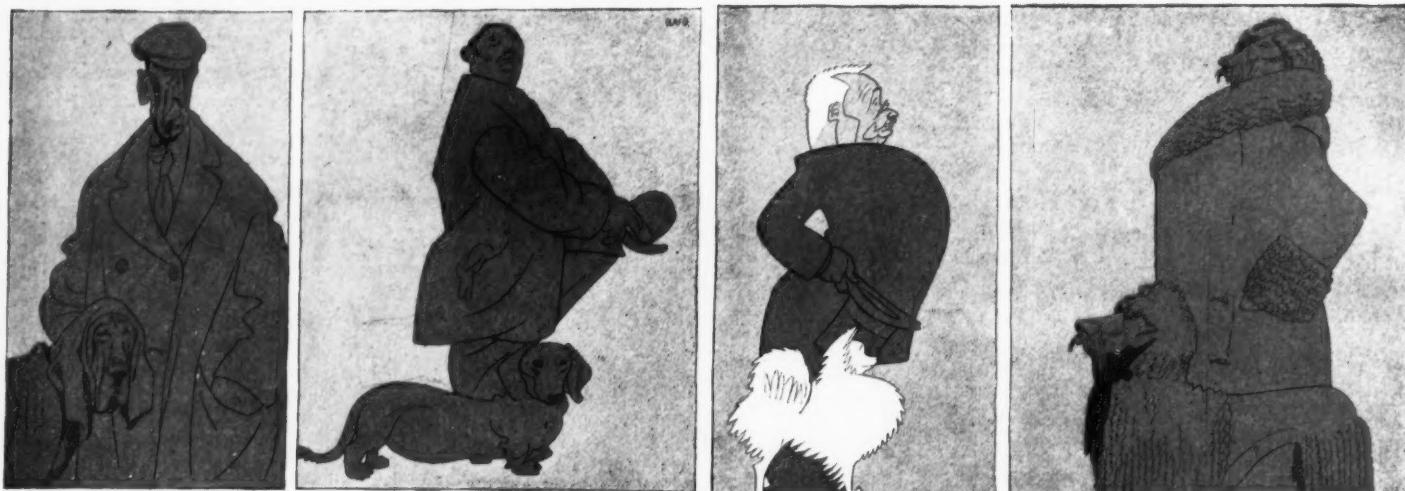
Puck

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 26, 1914
PRICE TEN CENTS



BOTH WINNERS

PAINTED BY B. WENNERBERG

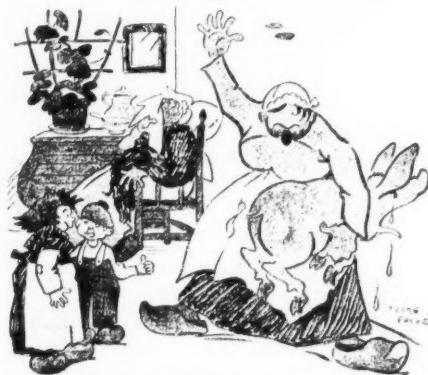


THE EFFECT OF BEINGS WHO HAVE LIVED TOGETHER FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.—*Simplicissimus*.



"And what method shall I use to put you to sleep?"
"Oh, tell me the story of Little Red Riding Hood."
—*Le Rire*.

PHOREIGN PHUN



"What has he done?"
"He took grandma's beauty spot on her nose for a truffle."—*Le Sourire*.



THE OLD AND THE NEW GOD OF WAR.
—*Simplicissimus*.



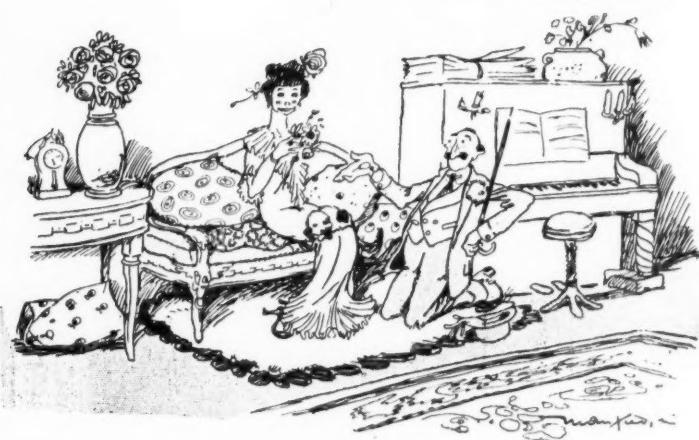
"Richard Wagner? I say, isn't he the chap that brings a horse on the stage?"
"Surely—that's the man."
"By Jove! Devil of a fellow!"
—*Jugend*.



THE BRITISH LION OR THE RULER OF THE WORLD AT HOME.
—*Simplicissimus*.



"But why in thunder don't you call your dog?"
"What's the use—he's deaf!"
—*Le Rire*.



"You adore me? Surely you are not serious!"
"Do you think for a moment that I'm ruining my trousers for nothing?"
—*Le Rire*.



"Yes, I am that merry wanderer of the night."—PUCK

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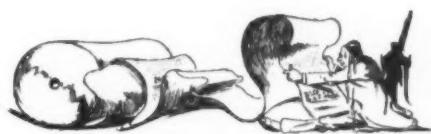
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PUCK at the Front

WORD has just been received to the effect that M. De Zayas, whose caricatures are well known to all PUCK readers, has succeeded through the efforts of President Poincaré himself, in reaching the front of the great conflict now in progress in France. M. De Zayas is the guest of the French General Staff, and PUCK is the only American periodical so honored. This able and brilliant caricaturist went abroad on a special mission for PUCK at the beginning of the summer, and we have in our "Dezayagraphs" begun the publication of a notable series of caricatures received from him while in Europe. With his present unsurpassed opportunities for first-hand observations, M. De Zayas may

be relied upon to give PUCK readers an unusual insight into the operations of the Allies, and where press dispatches are subjected to a rigid censorship. We are assured that De Zayas' drawings will have comparatively little interference from army officials. See that PUCK reaches you regularly during the next few months.



PUCK's Advertising Increases

PUCK has shown a steady increase in its advertising revenues for five months past—always an indication of vitality in any publication, and, in this instance, proof positive of the return of PUCK to a place of importance in the weekly press of the country. Our readers, who must inevitably feel an interest in PUCK's welfare, will find these advertisers worthy of their confidence and their patronage. Should claims be set forth that upon investigation are not fulfilled, the management will esteem it a favor to have the matter brought to their attention. PUCK's columns are open only to manufacturers of established reputation for fair-dealing, and in recommending our present advertisers to our readers we do so in the belief that their offerings are in every respect all that is claimed for them. In the present industrial crisis of Europe, Americans can best show their patriotism by patronizing home products, and never has so alluring an opportunity opened to the American manufacturer to extend his sales in his home market, as exists to-day. The greater expansion will come through the force of advertising.

PUCK on the "White Way"

PUCK is about to venture along the Great White Way. On October 6, there will be issued one of the most brilliant numbers of PUCK we have yet planned. The cover—and it will prove a surprise to you—is a masterly handling of color, one of the best bits of New York by night we have ever had the good fortune to see. PUCK's caricaturists have tracked to his haunts the much-heralded "man-about-town"—we see him at close range in whimsical sketches. Many of these you will instantly recognize as old friends in a new light. Heretofore, PUCK's special issues have melted away within twenty-four hours of their appearance on the news-stands, so we urge our readers to order the White Way Number from their newsdealer now—or, better still, send in the dollar coupon on this page and receive PUCK until Christmas.

A Batch of Bouquets

"I am going away with the Canadian Overseas Contingent. I think your paper a great relief from distorted illustrations and comics."

"G. T. F. H."

"Hamilton, Canada."

"The review of the East Side of New York by Benjamin De Casseres was exceptionally fine reading, and marks a decided improvement in your magazine."

"A READER."

"Church of Jesus Christ,
Salt Lake City, Utah."

"I never pick up PUCK without enthusing over it. Color work, drawings, articles, and make-up are splendid. It has given me much pleasure to interest many of my friends in your publication."

"JACK SEARS."

"I must confess that for some years I have not read PUCK, though in the old days of Bunner I never missed it. I picked it up the other day to find that the old glory had returned, and among its contributors I find old friends like Tilden and Towne."

"T. G. S."

"Please permit a pretty constant reader of your paper to say a word as to what he thinks of PUCK as it is to-day. The color pages in the middle of the paper are very, very good. The prize stories are not so good. In fact, I found one of them very stupid."

R. S."

From Now 'Till Christmas

ONE dollar pays all your laugh bills from now until the Holidays. Put PUCK on probation during these autumn days and see for yourself what a jolly little visitor he can be. Get in step with PUCK and let him carry your gripful of trouble. PUCK's regular friends go about their daily work with a clear understanding, a smile on their lips and laughter in their hearts.

Some of the keenest men and women of America have had their introduction to PUCK through the medium of this dollar coupon.

Do it to-day—pin your

dollar bill to the slip of

paper, fill in the blanks

and the postman

will take on a new

significance

when he calls

at your

home.

Puck

301 Lafayette St.
New York

Enclosed find one dollar
(Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26),
for which send Puck, for three
months, to

Puck



**THE MODERN WAY
Of Heaping Coals of Fire Upon an Enemy's Head**



GRINIGRAMS

Whereas, war between nations is a hellish thing, wickedly at variance with the spirit of civilization;

And whereas, war works untold suffering and hardship upon innocent people, those in no way responsible for the conflict of arms;

And whereas, we, the undersigned, may not improperly be included in the list of innocent people to whom war brings suffering and hardship; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the undersigned, do hereby protest to the high court of nations against a continuance of this carnival of blood and barbarism, especially as it keeps us off the front page.

(Signed)

MRS. PANKHURST.
MRS. PANKHURST'S DAUGHTERS.
WILLIAM J. BRYAN.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
BIG BILL HAYWOOD.
BOB LA FOLLETTE.
EVELYN THAW.
HARRY THAW.
MRS. STUYVESANT FISH.
"DIAMOND JIM" BRADY.
DISTRICT-ATTORNEY WHITMAN.
CHARLES S. MELLEN.
MADAME CAILLAUX.
CHARLES BECKER.
VINCENT ASTOR.

A trifle like consistency never worries warring nations. Great Britain gave the violation of Belgium's neutrality as its reason for entering the present conflict. A German army had entered Belgium en route for France. When Japan, Great Britain's ally, sent troops through China en route for German strongholds in the East, the Chinese government raised a protesting voice against the violation of China's neutrality, but nobody heard. Perhaps the moral is that when one wants to get in a fight, *any* excuse is a good one. Once upon a time, long years ago, PUCK published this joke:

BIG IRISHMAN: Oi think that Sharkey is a betther foighter than Car-r-rbett.

LITTLE IRISHMAN: So do Oi.

BIG IRISHMAN: Then, begorry, Oi think Car-r-rbett is a better man than Sharkey.

LITTLE IRISHMAN: So do Oi.

BIG IRISHMAN: Hov Oi got to hit yez in the face, ye fule, to star-r-r-t somethin'?

Publications which are fond of offering prizes for notable achievements might offer one this fall to the person who can tell off-hand just how the primary elections came out.

"The invaders had the weight and strength, but the Allies possessed the science and the speed."

—Cable from the front.

War correspondents are stealing the football reporters' stuff.

One of war's grimdest farces is a protest against a dum-dum bullet. War-made widows and orphans would be no better off in the event of the family provider having met his death from a "merciful" machine-gun.

**"What
Fools
These
Mortals
Be!"**

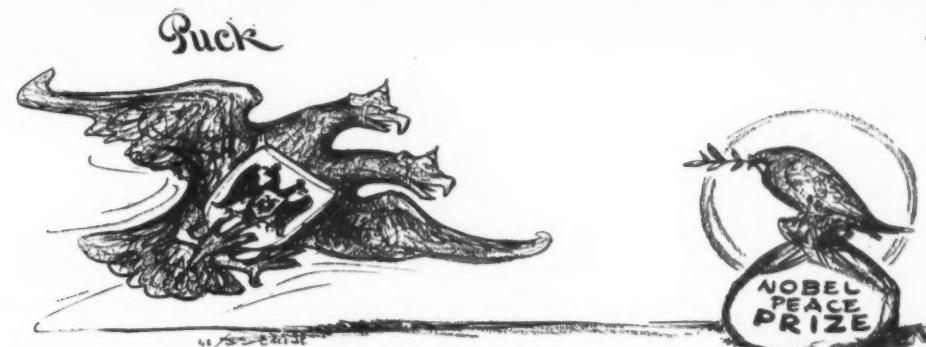


VOL. LXXVI. NO. 1960. WEEK ENDING SEPT. 26, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America — and the newest.

**THOSE WHO
"REMEMBER"**

At the beginning of this war, several kings took occasion to say: "Remember!" To be exact, they said more than that, each concluding a Napoleonic utterance with the words: "Remember you are Germans," or "Remember you are Russians," or "Remember you are Austrians," as the case happened to be. It was a final sen-



tence in an appeal to the patriotism of their subjects, a bugle call of rhetoric, a royal "jolly."

Accompanying the exhortation to remember, etc., was a frank invitation to come out and be a target, to shoot and be shot at. Thousands of those who "remembered" are to-day beneath a thin layer of earth. Their widows and orphans will do the "remembering" now, and the recollection will last them a lifetime. Patriotism, in the minds of kings, seems to be associated exclusively with powder and shot, with bayonets and sabres, with battle and carnage. Patriotism and peace are incompatible; and it would never do for a king to say: "Remember you are —," and then bid able-bodied males remain at the forge, the shop or the mill. They must be sent to the firing line; otherwise they "forget."

Since royalty got a foothold on this earth, kings have ever been generous in laying down the lives of other people. But there is this to be said of some of the kings of old: not only did they bid their subjects remember, etc., but they took a battle-axe in hand and went out themselves on the battle-axe line and swung it in company with the "common people." At the battle of Hastings, for example, neither Harold nor William of Normandy looked at the fight through high-power field glasses. They were *there*, very much so. Why is it that in these latter days the lives of kings are so much more precious than they used to be? Why is it that they do all *their* "remembering" at a distance? Can it be that royal flesh and blood is more valuable than it was in the era of battle-axes? You answer.



Puck

The PUPPET SHOP

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Ralph Barton

LIKE FARCEUR, LIKE SON

A "new" farce named "The Third Party," a French-British-American-West-Forty-Second-Street affair, was recently put on at the Shubert Theatre. The plot of the "new" farce consisted of the following original ingredients:

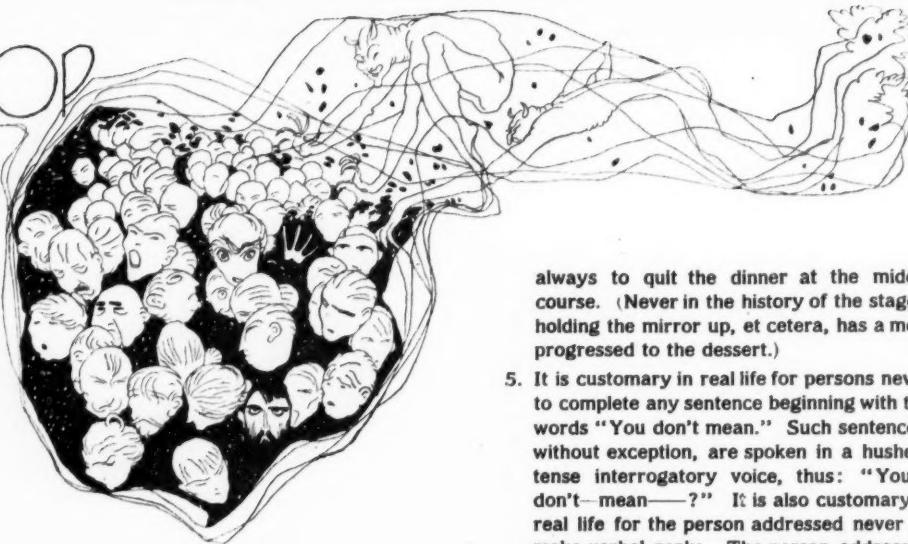
- 2 Squirtin' seltzer siphons.
- 4 Stampings on other man's corn.
- 3 Lusty whacks on other man's back.
- 1 Falling screen revealing to wife husband having luncheon with a beauteous hussy.
- 2 Hells.
- 3 Damns.
- 2 Fainting women.
- 7 Quasi-risque allusions to a bed.
- 1 Remark "Parlez vous Deutsch?"
- 1 Remark "Sprechen Sie Francais?"
- 3 Thrown plates.
- 1 Remark upon use of patent pocket cigar lighter: "Gee, it worked!"
- 1 Surly old "admiral."
- 1 Militant suffragette in black and white checked skirt.
- 1 English Johnny named Algernon.
- 1 Irascible old "colonel."
- 3 Mispronunciations of central character's name to provoke a laugh.
- 2 Excitable French waiters.
- 1 Ordering of everything on the menu with "AND a cup of coffee."
- 4 Repetitions of "SIT DOWN!"
- 3 Attempts to sneak out of room on tip-toe with long strides.
- 1 Tapping forehead, with remark: "Nobody's at home."
- 2 Confusion of identities.

Once let a farce-writer possess the valor to do a farce in which a bed is used for sleeping purposes and a siphon for drinking purposes—ah, but that day is as far off as the vaudeville day which will not reveal a sketch or dance or what not in which an artist goes to sleep and dreams that his painting of a beautiful woman has come to life!

THAT MIRROR AND THIS NATURE

That drama and the stage consistently hold the mirror up to life and nature, though a point contested by many, is proved beyond doubt by the following at-once-recognizable reflections glimpsed at random in the mirror in question:

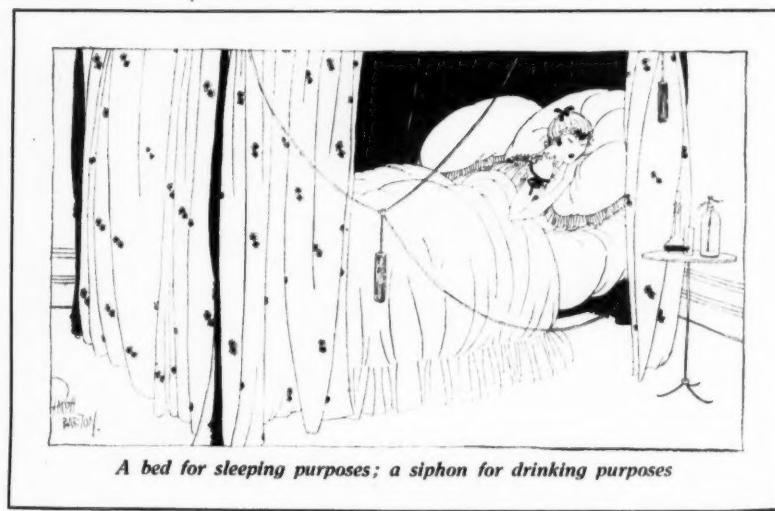
1. It is customary in real life for two persons, when speaking to each other, to stand side by side and direct their remarks at the front wall of the room.
2. It is customary in real life for two or more persons, when engaged in a normal conversation, however brief, never to remain seated in their chairs. At periodic alternate intervals, the persons rise, cross the room, walk around the piano, linger at the mantel, cross back and reseat themselves.



3. It is customary in real life for all persons, upon leaving a room, to hesitate at the door, and, with hand on knob, to deliver themselves of a striking bit of comic repartee.



4. It is customary in real life for persons never to consume more than ten minutes in the eating of their dinner. Also for persons



always to quit the dinner at the middle course. (Never in the history of the stage's holding the mirror up, et cetera, has a meal progressed to the dessert.)

5. It is customary in real life for persons never to complete any sentence beginning with the words "You don't mean." Such sentences, without exception, are spoken in a hushed, tense interrogatory voice, thus: "You—don't—mean—?" It is also customary in real life for the person addressed never to make verbal reply. The person addressed merely drops his eyes and nods his head. Under no circumstances is the reply ever in the negative.
6. It is not customary in real life for men, under any circumstance, to face a grate-fire. Men invariably stand with their backs to grate-fires, feet wide apart, and hands clasped behind them.
7. It is the habit in real life of all intoxicated persons, when they essay to speak, to be given to an insistent and irrelevant use of the "sh" sound. Thus, for instance, all drunks trying to repeat "It is the worst thing I ever saw," would, without exception, say "Itsh sh worsh shing I ever shaw."
8. In real life, one drink will cause any woman to become instantaneously intoxicated. All ladies, when intoxicated, giggle.
9. In real life, all small men who marry women larger than themselves are tremblingly afraid of their wives, who hen-peck them unmercifully.
10. In real life, the mistress of the house is, of course, always careful to see to it that the maid is younger and better-looking than herself—and wears thinner silk stockings.
11. In real life, men never die of any disease save heart failure, or women of any disease save tuberculosis.
12. In real life, no Westerner ever wears evening clothes that fit him.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

One of the largest financial successes of the last London theatrical year—a veritable pot of gold for its author and sponsors, if report be true—was a four-act play by C. B. Fernald, called "The Pursuit of Pamela." The piece had been taken off at the Royalty to make way for "My Lady's Dress." Curious as to the nature of the pot of gold, I made haste to exchange a shilling for a printed copy. Let me present to you, from the book of the play, the ends, the "curtains," of this dramatic rainbow, act for act:

ACT I

PAMELA (to Greame): You shall like me—whether you wish it or not!

ACT II

(Four weeks later)

PAMELA (to Greame): I tell you we shall never meet again!

*The end of the rainbow***ACT III***(Six weeks later)*

PAMELA (*rushing to curtains when Greame, disappointed in her, has left her, "never to see her again"*): Alan! Alan! I'll go! I'll go!

ACT IV*(Three years later)*

GREAME (*catching Pamela in his arms*): Pamela!!

There, in three short sentences and one ultimate ejaculation of heroine's name, you have the complete visage of the rubber-stamp modern financial "knockout"! There, in three sentences and one Pamela-exclamation-mark, you have the stuff of the typical seats-six-weeks-in-advance, the typical mob masseuse, the sweet modern day "Big Success!!!". Ask yourself how many times *you* have seen this play? Then get your hat and let's all go to the movies.

♦

ON A DRAMATIC CRITIC'S GOING TO HELL

A black pit a-quiver with a withering, gagging, mephitic heat. For air—for just one breath of air! To be able once again to move these poor aching arms, these legs, to free them, if but for a moment, from this torturing, paralyzing position in which the evil spirits of darkness have bound them! Air! Room! Air!!

A struggle. At last! I have moved this anguished body of mine, albeit but an inch. Around me, wedged together like so many drying, smelling fish, are hundreds of mortals, like myself recently arrived. They cough piteously for air. Their bodies, like mine, are held vice-like in a racking, flesh-and-bone deadening half crouch. Their arms, like my own, are crunched against their sides, and their knees, like my own, are jammed, as if by a meat-press, against broad strips of hot oak arranged in front of them in long rows.

From somewhere ahead, in that black and fevered hole, a terrific din beats in upon the ears. For years it seems never to abate, though it may be mere minutes. But a minute here is time on time and beyond. An eternity. The heat begins to get its red fingers at the throat—at the lungs. Water! Water!! There is none to hear our cry, our supplication. Or if there is one to hear, he seems to hear not. And passes grimly by. The din, as of a cataract of tin rushing upon a cataract of brass, lays a rough-edged screw against the ear-drum. And slowly the screw turns, turns, in, in further-splitting and cracking its way into the brain.

Suddenly, as suddenly as it began, the din ceases. And the

**SOMETHING OPEN**

"There must be a draft from somewhere, Harry. My feet are as cold as ice."

darkness becomes even darker. And the heat parches the very eyeballs of their moisture. Air! Great God in Heaven, air!! And now a brain-staggering, sense-reeling babble as of the insane, the delirious, the lost to earth forever, pierces the black from a patch of light. It grows louder, louder—and the head, splitting, bursting, reels, swims. For years, decades, centuries, that now-droning, now-piercing reason-tottering noise assails the sweating, melting, flowing mass of writhing mortals pinioned, like baking fleas, before it. And the blistering

heat steadily becomes more and more awful. And the smell of the dead air more rank and more foul. And the eyeballs drier and drier. And the body stiffer and stiffer. And the senses weaker and weaker. Until—

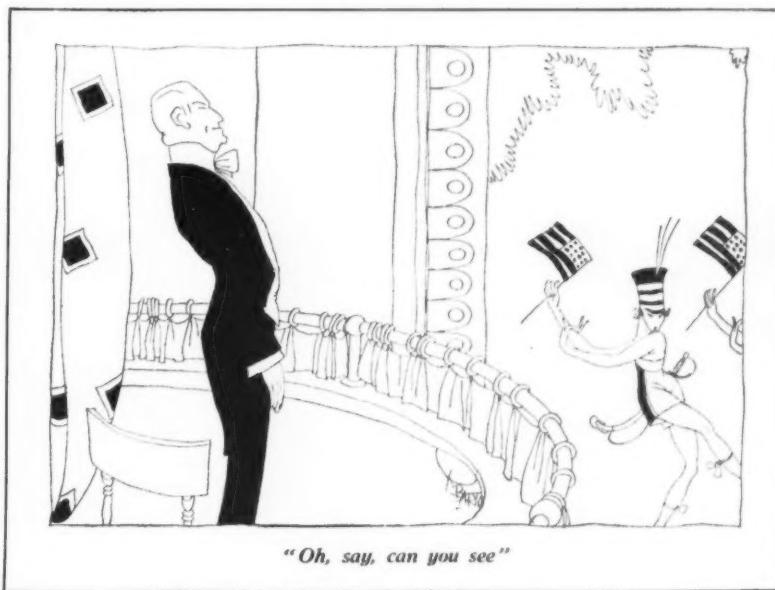
The curtain comes down and another August "first night" is over with.

♦

THE "FIRST-NIGHTER"

A "first-nighter" is one who believes that Rosmersholm is the suburb this side of Dunwoodie, on the Putnam Division of the New York Central Railroad (and that it might be all right to live there if one didn't have to commute); that the Arabian Nights were written by Edward Knoblauch (pronounced Nobiak); that it is patriotic quickly to stand up when a row of half-naked and visibly unbathed chorus girls march to the footlights and begin to cackle "The Star Spangled Banner"; that women are greatly abused creatures, who have to suffer much more in this world than men; that a play written in graceful English is a "literary" play, and therefore "rotten"; that an "emotional actress" is an actress who precisely expresses the emotions after the precise man-

(Continued on page 23)



"Oh, say, can you see?"

Ruck



THE NEWS IN RIME

The Kaiser on his trip through France
Was very warmly greeted;
The papers say a crucial fight
Was won at Name Deleted.*
The Giants and the Boston Braves
Performed a thrilling seesaw;
The music trade
Is flat a shade,
And news is true as—Esau.

* A place often mentioned in the dispatches. We have not been able to find it on the map.



The Czar has censored Austria
And tangoed into Prussia;
The answer to the present tiff
Would seem to lie in Russia.
The Colonel—may his tribe increase—
Called Mr. Barnes an issue;
The strife in Butte
Was quite acute,
And Fashion wears a fichu.

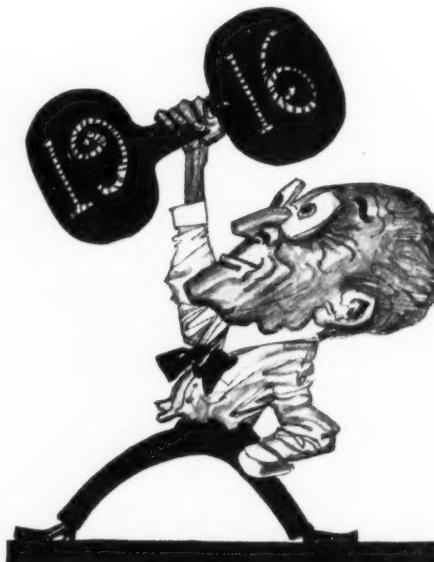
Pope Benedict now occupies
The ancient chair of Peter;
Rud. Kipling penned a battle pome
Of admirable meter.
The Army-Navy football game
At last has gone to Philly;
The gobbling Turks
Have loosed their dirks,
And things are slow in Chile.

Sir Woodrow said he'd run again—
Good fortune crown his banners;
The folks who puffed the price of food
Were taught to mend their manners.
A portion of the German fleet
Was Kiel-hauled by the British;
A tax on beer
Is looming near,
And jobs are growing skittish.

Lord Kitchener has ordered out
A second line of fighters;
Another batch of plays was served
To Broadway's bored first-nighters.
The Allies signed an iron pledge
To stand or fall together;
The Wall Street gents
Are in suspense,
And Summer slipped her tether.



The Kaiser's name has been removed
From Mr. Nobel's ballot;
John Hennessy and Martin Glynn
Are jousting with the mallet.
F. Ouimet won the golfing crown
Of this enlightened nation;
Fair Spain may vent
Her temperament,
And Villa's on probation.



Mam'selle Paree returned with thanks
The bomb-bombs of the German;
The European refugees
Referred en masse to Sherman.
Carranza's battle-ship of state
Manoeuvres very sweetly;
But as for war—
Gute Nacht! Bon Soir!
Which lets us out quite neatly.

Dana Burnet.

The Pippin and the Geezer

By Edgar Lee Hay



There was once a Pippin Who could knock 'Em Cold with her Smile. On the Big Street One Day She met a fat, old Geezer Who had Gobs of Coin. They met as Pippins and Geezers usually meet—via the Smile. Forthwith, They adjourned to the nearest Cafe and proceeded to get sociable and told their real Names over a Couple double-X's worth of Laughing Bubbles. As the Waiter was salting away the Last Payment on his Riverside App't House, the Geezer, old enough to know Better, made an Appointment.

Now it happened that the Geezer had a Young Blood in the Family in the Person of his only begotten Male Offspring. Sonny, at the Pinnacle of his Wild Oats Period, found a perfumed Note dropped unbeknowns by his Geezer of a Father, so twisting the Misplaced Eyebrow on his Upper Lip he promptly prepared to meet the Pippin. He beat the Old Man to It by Three Furlongs. Just in Time to take their Dust the Geezer stamps the right Heel of his Eight-Bucks-and-a-Half Hanans (Advertisement unsolicited) and does a Fox Trot to the Liquid Joy Parlor on the Corner. Early the following Ay Em he landed Home lit up like a Broadway Theatre Sign. At the Home Door he found another Pair of Hands trying to fit a Match Box in the Keyhole. In Spite of the Pawnbroker's Niches in it the Geezer recognized It as

On this page appears Puck's Prize Story for the week. Puck offers \$100 weekly for the most humorous story, sketch or playlet, preferably within one thousand words; or for the most humorous bit of verse, the latter not to exceed seventy-five lines. Anyone, except a member of Puck's regular staff, is eligible to enter manuscript for the weekly award. Puck reserves the right to purchase at its regular rates any contribution among those submitted for the prize. Manuscripts should be marked "Prize Contest" and a stamped and addressed envelope should accompany each.

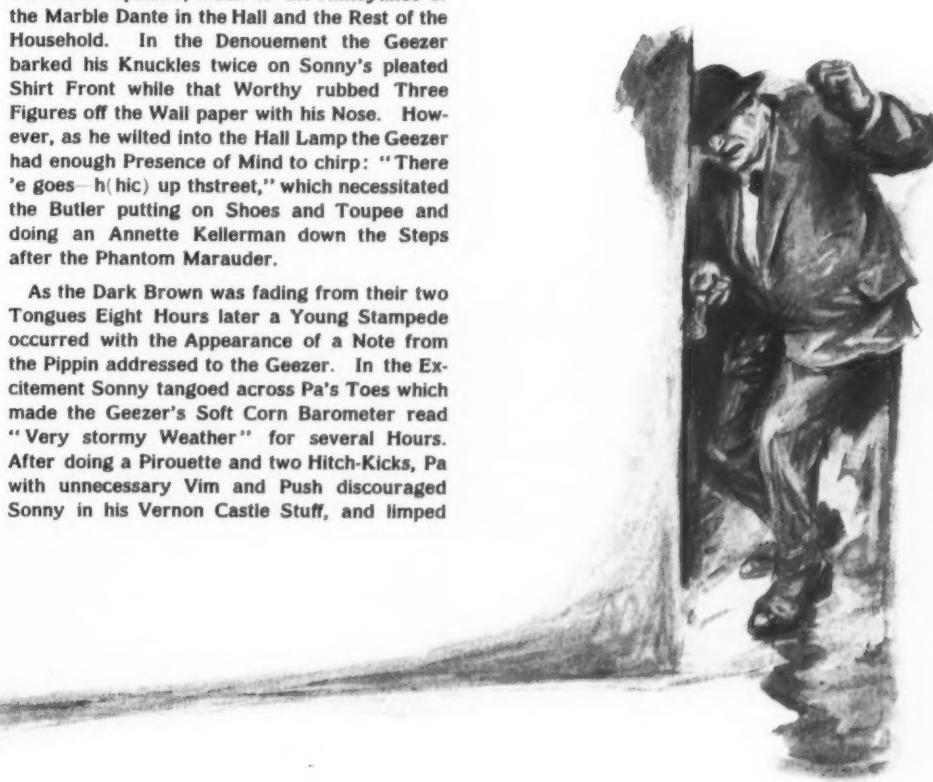
his 14-Karat Birthday Gift to the Young Blood. Forthwith, Each tried conscientiously to conceal his Condition from the Other by pulling down his White Vest and dissuading it from becoming a Necktie. The Geezer, at one Time a War Correspondent, could read a Distress Signal in the violent Semaphore Messages of the Young Blood's Arms. With expert Marksmanship he piloted the wayward Key aright, and with an ineffective Attempt at dignified Grace, bowed his Scion into the Hallway. Once inside, They swore a Truce, and Each in his Kindness tried to carry the Other Upstairs, much to the Annoyance of the Marble Dante in the Hall and the Rest of the Household. In the Denouement the Geezer barked his Knuckles twice on Sonny's pleated Shirt Front while that Worthy rubbed Three Figures off the Wall paper with his Nose. However, as he wilted into the Hall Lamp the Geezer had enough Presence of Mind to chirp: "There 'e goes—h(hic) up thstreet," which necessitated the Butler putting on Shoes and Toupee and doing an Annette Kellerman down the Steps after the Phantom Marauder.

As the Dark Brown was fading from their two Tongues Eight Hours later a Young Stampede occurred with the Appearance of a Note from the Pippin addressed to the Geezer. In the Excitement Sonny tangoed across Pa's Toes which made the Geezer's Soft Corn Barometer read "Very stormy Weather" for several Hours. After doing a Pirouette and two Hitch-Kicks, Pa with unnecessary Vim and Push discouraged Sonny in his Vernon Castle Stuff, and limped

eloquently toward the Note. Smiling thru his Tears, the Geezer prepared to read the Pippin's Apology, but the Weight of her Words had him groggy and on the Ropes before the second Paragraph. Yea, Blackmail did it contain, Breach of Promise, and Alienation of Affections, and General Advice on Keeping Appointments. The poor Geezer wilted three Collars before he signed the Blank Cheque for her. Then bethinking himself of bettering his Son's Education he launched over the Young Mind a Flood of Advices about Woman and her Deadly Nature. Son listening earnestly to—the new Victrola Record—started on his Third Pack of Hop Sticks and sauntered from the Room with Puckered Brow and an Ingrowing Chin.

That Night Pa Geezer was good. He stayed Home and read Plutarch's Lives amid frequent Highball Gurgles. No more Pippin for Pa; he called Quits. As the Twenty-Cent-Straight was about to singe his Impending Mustache, the Geezer received a Wire from Sonny. It read: "Just married the Pippin. Says she feels like an Old Friend of the Family. We put Ten Thousand on Cheque."

MORAL: Wild Oats is Wild Oats, but Some take a Long Time to go to Seed!



ILLUSTRATIONS BY NELSON GREENE

OH, THESE DREADFUL YOUNG PEOPLE

By Horatio Winslow

Illustrated by W. E. Hill



(The fourth day out from Southampton. The Old Gentleman and the Young Person coming back from Europe meet to-day for the first time. The Old Gentleman is Mid-Victorian while the Young Person, if she has any date at all, is about 1957. After an exchange of shots at long range the opposing forces draw nearer and the deadly encounter begins.)

OLD GENTLEMAN (*he hates all Young Persons but, like Herbert Spencer, he believes that now and then it does one good to mix in with the little beasts*): Well, well, well. So we're coming back home again, are we? (*Playful laugh to show that he has not forgotten what it is to be fourteen—though if he thinks the Young Person is fourteen he is about five years off his dates.*) Home again, eh? (*When talking playfully with the Rising Generation he always repeats his remarks—it helps to fill in.*) Home again! Well, well, well. I suppose you and your papa must have had a great many adventures in these exciting times trying to cash checks.

YOUNG PERSON (*raising her eyebrows in a manner that reveals to acute observers like our-*

selves that she can be some cold storage plant when necessary): Not particularly. Father never leaves New York, and I'm traveling quite alone and nothing happened to me except in Munich, when I was arrested as an English spy; but I found the experience rather boring.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*a bit shaken, but not yet grasping the situation*): H'm—ah-h! It's only to be expected, no doubt, that young people would scarcely perceive the immense significance of this world struggle. You'd rather be romping down the hills or indulging in your favorite sports or reading Alice in Wonderland or going to the pantomime than living *flagrante bellum*.

YOUNG PERSON: Rully? You know I haven't cared about hills since I climbed Mount Blanc. I used to enjoy the new dances but they're too tame now to be interesting. I like the old D'Annunzio and the old Bernhardt—but lately— (*She drops her eyelids and shakes her head as an indication that Sarah and Dan are not what they used to be.*) By the way—if you'll pardon me—it isn't *flagrante bellum* it's *flagrante bello*.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*hit right where he lives; before this he has always been able to down the Rising G. with a good swift Latin Quotation on the solar plexus*): Ah—h'm-m, yes, quite so, h'm (*blows his nose much embarrassed.*) As I grow older—h'm—I find that quotations, especially

Latin quotations, are—as a distinguished German army officer told me—

YOUNG PERSON (*shrugging her shoulders wearily*): Oh, let's not talk about army officers and war. It bores me; it's so Nineteenth-Century and so fearfully stupid. I haven't the remotest interest in such things.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*reluctantly realizing that if he expects the conversation to continue he must get down to the One Topic. He hates discussing the One Topic with the Young because he feels he may be instilling poison into growing minds, but considering the general indecency of the age one has to take a chance*): Ah, well, I suppose little girls must grow up. (*Playfully—indulgently.*) Yes, little girls must grow up. I suppose you've seen some nice-looking young man and one of these days he'll be leading you to the altar. (*Very playfully.*) Yes, one of these days you'll be wearing a white veil and orange blossoms and marching down the aisle and promising to love, honor, and—

YOUNG PERSON (*standing up in her indignation*): Marriage! I! You think I'm going to marry! Why, I don't see how an intelligent person with modern ideas can even consider such a thing. Of course, when I find the right man for its father I expect to have a nice eugenic baby, but marriage!

(The Old Gentleman collapses and is led away by a kindly deck steward, while the Young Person maxxes off to discuss Polyandry vs. Polygamy with a whiskered but fascinating Mormon missionary.)

DEALING IN FUTURES

MRS. FOXTON: Last March you promised me a set of Russian sables for this winter, Paul.

MR. FOXTON (*blandly*): Nobody regrets more than I, my dear, that the war has stopped all importations from Russia.

MRS. FOXTON: Wasn't I the wise little woman to pick them out and pay twenty dollars on them the day after you promised?

A RARE SIGHT

CRUSTY GUEST (*after a long wait*): I understand you've seen active service?

WAITER (*proudly*): I have, sir.

CRUSTY GUEST: Would you mind telling me where the restaurant is located?

HOW HE ESCAPED

THE MATE: Sirens on the port bow, sir!

ULYSSES: Pass 'em up! Beat it! I sight a moving-picture man hiding among the rocks.

The first step in modern warfare is to commandeer the good-will of Providence.

A candidate seldom gets over it.



A BIRD IN THE HAND

SHE: Goodness! There's the 'phone. Don't get up. I'll be right back.



CIGARS

The cigar was invented several hundred years ago by some man who had lost his pipe. While the general shape has shown very little change, the contents is often more or less varied, including in addition to the tobacco filling such odds and ends as shingle-nails, a stray horse-hair, or the like. I have known times when I have been quite put to it to imagine just what it was that was in a cigar besides the tobacco.

All are familiar with the regular commercial variety of cigar, all tasting and smelling alike, and distinguished one from another by the price, shape and gilt-band only. But we are not just now concerned with these; it is the unusual, the unique in cigars with which we are interested.

Take, for example, the Pittsburgh stogie. In fact, I dare you to take one! Or, better yet, let us take a Wheeling stogie. Here's a match. There, she's lighted. Now tell me candidly, of what are you most vividly reminded? A formaldehyde candle and a piece of smouldering golf-cape?

Great care should be exercised in preparing a stogie for smoking. After biting off the end blow all the dust out of it. Don't bite off the wrong end or the darn thing will unwind like a spring and hit you in the eye.

Fight shy of the Italian stogie! There is no hole through it. No ordinary American can successfully smoke one of these without recourse to the old trick of placing a strong mustard plaster on the back of the neck.

Considerable success in character reading is possible if one watches a smoker. For example:

One man will hold a cigar in the corner of his mouth, tilted up; the eye on this side is kept almost closed by the smoke. This man is the kind who can tell beforehand which wards will go Democratic. When the time comes he will brush right by St. Peter.

Another holds a cigar very much as if it were a fountain pen; he puffs daintily at intervals. He is the kind who would say he was happy no matter to whom he was married; he always votes "Aye" at directors' meetings. He plays a ripping game of croquet.



Still another keeps one-half of the cigar continually clenched between the teeth on one side of his mouth. Evidently a man of vacillating temperament. He can't make up his mind whether he will chew or smoke, so he does both.

Then there is the man, smoking on an open trolley-car, who is so careless about his ashes that most of them blow either down your neck or into your eye. Such a man should be hamstrung. Or, perhaps, he could be pushed backward into a mortar-bed.



BY YER



PAINTED BY GILLES FOR PUCK

'TWAS EVER THUS

WIFE: I can read you like I can this book, Adolphus!

HUSBAND: Why don't you, then? You skip what you don't like in a book, and linger over it in me!

Many men buy two classes of cigars—the kind they smoke, and the kind they give away. Under such circumstances it is customary, in offering a cigar, to say, nonchalantly: "Have a rotten cigar?" or "Have a torch?"

This tends to avoid misunderstanding.

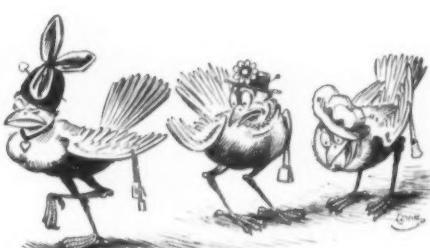
Oftentimes, during a crush at the Bridge, or in the Subway, a man will be seen to emerge from the crowd, stop suddenly and place his hand anxiously to his breast, a look of alarm on his face. This is not because he has heart trouble, nor because he has felt a sudden sharp pain in his thorax. He is merely feeling in his vest pocket to see how many cigars have been broken.

So it is. If there is anything that is nearest to a smoker's heart it is the cigars in his vest pocket. To many men the climax of the day is to tuck in a rousing dinner, light a good cigar and push it before you briskly up or down Broadway.

ANOTHER RESERVIST

FOREMAN: Are ye thinkin' at all iv goin' home an' fightin' fr' yer country, Joe?

LABORER: Da union won't leta me work more dan eight hour a day in da trench!



Hussy!

THE GOSSIP ON THE RIGHT: And I also hear that those are not her own tail feathers!



"NEVER MIND ABOUT THIS SET, JIMMIE, GET THE ARCHWAY FOR THE SAMSON SCENE."



"HEAVENS! THERE GOES
MY TRAIN!"

"GOOD BYE, BEAUTIFUL
WORLD!"
THE LEAP FROM
THE PALISADES.



THE ANCESTRAL GALLERY OF THE FUTURE - PICTURE OF



THAT FEROCIOUS LION IN THE
IN THE MOVIES



"TAKE THAT FALLOVER AGAIN,
ME FILM'S RUN OUT."



"BRING IN THE ZEBRA, IT'S GOING TO RAIN."

THE MOVIES

By HY MAYER

The

The Climber.

A climber there was, and she made a dash
 (Even as you and I),
 For a Dame with a name and a bunch of cash—
 We called her a purse-proud sort of trash
 But the Climber thought she was all the splash!
 (Even as you and I).
 Oh, the tems we make and the trouble we take
 And the excellent things we plan,
 For the sake of the woman who would not come
 (And nothing would ever induce her to come)
 To one outside of her clan.

A Climber there was and her goods she spent
 (Even as you and I),
 Preparing "The Season's Chief Event,"
 Though never to such the Grande Dame went.
 But the Climber her invitations sent
 (Even as you and I).
 Oh, the life we waste and the strife we waste,
 And the dinners and balls we give,
 For the sake of the woman who will not come
 (Who hasn't the least inclination to come)
 And hardly knows where we live.

The Climber was pierced through her foolish pride
 (Even as you and I),
 Which she might have expected before she tried,
 For the Grande Dame never even replied;
 And some of her smiled, but the most of her cried
 (Even as you and I).
 And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
 That hurts like a brand-new shoe;
 It's coming to know she never would come
 (Seeing at last she never would come)
 And never intended to.

Carolyn Wells.

A. K. MACDONALD IS AN ARTIST NEW TO AMERICA
 BUT FAMOUS IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE GRACE
 AND DELICACY OF HIS PEN WORK. HIS DRAW-
 INGS WILL APPEAR FREQUENTLY IN PUCK.



Puck's
Golf
Idiot
by
P. A. Vaile



Author of "Modern Golf," "The Soul of Golf," "How to Learn Golf," Etc.

THE PULL Recently I read an article in *The Daily News and Leader* by George Duncan, the famous young Hanger Hill (London) professional.

I say the article was by George Duncan, and in the ordinary course one would have a right to assume that it was by him, for, at the head of it, appear the words, "By George Duncan."

But I know George Duncan very well, also the manner of exploitation of famous English professionals by infamous English journalists, so I should not believe that the article was "By George Duncan" unless he himself told me that it was, then I should say unto him, "Thou art acting the fool, O George, which is unlike thee"; and I should show him how and why, as I propose even now to do for you.

Let me quote the article "By George Duncan." Here is some of it:

"MR. VAILE'S THEORY OF THE PULL"

"I see Mr. P. A. Vaile is going to show the golfers in America that there is only one way to play golf, and that is to start in with the putter and work back from the hole, always maintaining an upright swing, as used by Harry Vardon. He entirely ignores the fact that first-class golf can be played in any other way than on the lines he propounds. He has no use for Taylor's methods, even though Taylor has won five championships. Vaile is challenged by one of the best critics on the theory of the game in America, but I think Mr. Vaile will get through.

"There is only one point where Mr. Vaile may be wrong, and that is on his theory of the pull. He says the secret of this is to be found in trying to give the ball the reverse cut to that used in a slice, which means a glancing blow produced by the club head traveling across the line of flight from inside to outside. Now, if there is an impossible in golf, Mr. Vaile's pull is it. A glancing blow always leaves an impression I don't like to see on the face of any of my clubs, but the pull never does. It would benefit American golf a lot if Mr. Vaile can show them how to produce the upright swing, but I am afraid this is a bit beyond his powers."

Duncan says: "Now, if there is an impossible in golf, Mr. Vaile's pull is it."

This is very amusing, for George Duncan is shown in "Modern Golf," by means of eight photo-diagrams, playing the pull in exactly the manner in which I explain it—which is the only right way to play it.

The funniest thing about this statement is that, prior to my publication of "Modern Golf," the production of the pull was the only point of difference between Duncan, who is one of my solid disciples, and me.

I was the first to explain the pull thoroughly. The theory of the stroke is now well known, but at the time that I first dealt with it in London it was the subject of much argument and newspaper controversy.

I had arranged with George Duncan to be photographed, to illustrate all the strokes of the game in "Modern Golf," for I was, and am, a great admirer of the clever young Scot's game.

One day Duncan came to me and said, "I don't agree with your theory of the pull, Mr. Vaile, and I don't see how I can illustrate it according to your theory."

I answered quite cheerfully, "All right, George,

in that case I must leave you out of the pull and show how it is done myself."

"Well, Mr. Vaile," said Duncan, "you say the pull is got by a glancing outward blow, I don't agree with that." And George proceeded to fill me up with the old, old, foolish tale of turning over the wrists at the moment of impact, which is the sheerest futility.

"Now, George," said I, "I shall tell you how to prove yourself wrong. I wouldn't waste my time doing it, for I know too well what the result would be.

"You deny that one swings outwardly across the ball to get the pull, and say that it is produced by the same stroke as an ordinary drive, with the exception that one turns one's wrists over at the moment of impact. Now go home, and tee up your ball. In line with the front of it, to the far side of it, and at a right angle to the line of flight, put in a row of invisible wires. Play an ordinary straight drive—a wind-cheater for preference, as that has the straightest finish of all. Then count your wires, and see how many you have displaced.

"Now, put your ball down in exactly the same position, and play a pull. If your theory is sound you can do it without hitting any more wires. If it isn't, you must cut down some more of them in your outward sweep."

"If you can play a pull without doing so, I shall give you twenty-five dollars."

Duncan is one of the most intelligent professionals playing the game, and he is a fine coach, for he knows just what is happening at any part of his stroke.

He went home and did as I told him. Anyone who wants to know now how to play the pull can see the photographs of George Duncan in "Modern Golf," and they represent the explanation whereof George says, or is made to say, "if there is an impossible in golf, Mr. Vaile's pull is it."

Now, it seems to me, that "the move is on George."

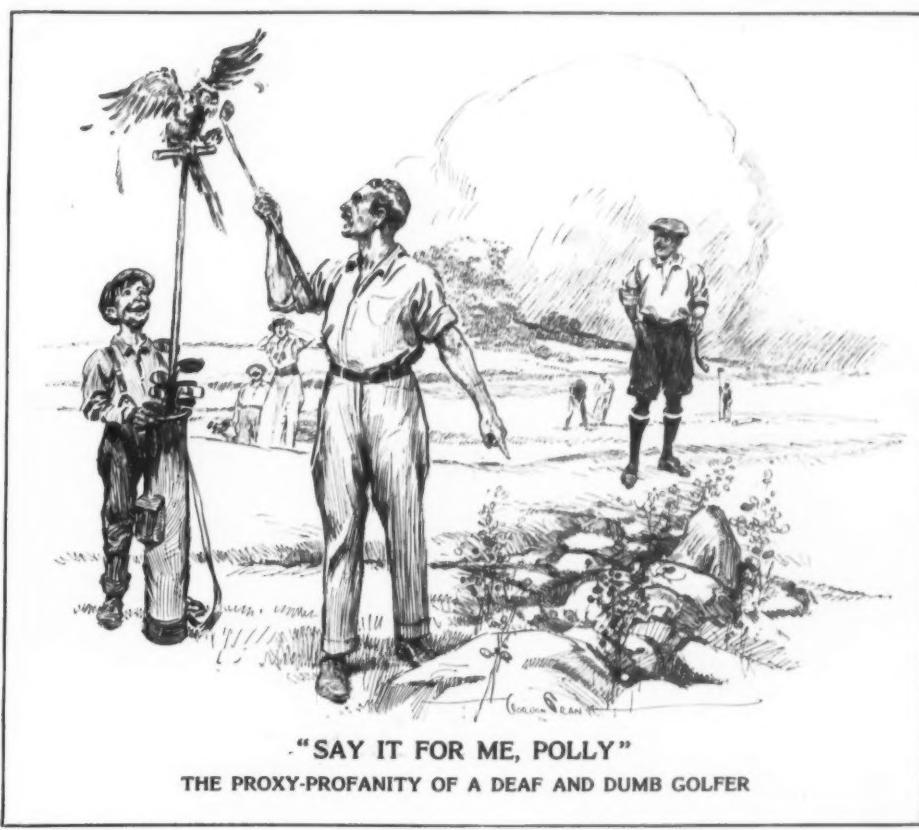
Personally, I don't believe Duncan ever saw the nonsense. If he did I cannot understand how he could pass such stuff with his photographs in "Modern Golf," and my explanation hanging over his head.

Moreover, in the preface, I briefly narrated Duncan's objections, and his conversion, which makes it worse for Duncan.

Also, it must be remembered, that there is nothing in "Modern Golf" that Duncan doesn't—or didn't—thoroughly subscribe to.

At the time of its publication I said to him: "Now, George, you know the rot that is fastened

(Continued on page 22)



Buck



TO THE EDITOR OF "PUCK"

Sir: As the big cities get their best people from the country, just as the country gets its best people from the cities, it struck me that a budget of items might strike home to a lot of your readers. What is more, many of Sandstone's citizens are biding their time in New York and elsewhere and I'm sure they will be glad to know what's going on here, especially because it will save them from getting homesick.

Sandstone, I might add, is the raspberry metropolis of the state and a model town. It has all modern improvements besides an unpumped water supply from an artesian well. Its citizens are model as the town. For instance, there's Ezra Todd, our leader in politics, a six-foot, oak-hearted man, unbribed to date. Ezra got solid with the people when an electric-light machine salesman thought he could buy his vote as trustee by sending him, *nom de plume*, a fine barrel of potatoes out of season. Did honest Ezra eat them? No, sir, he fed them to his hogs. Then there's Aleck Cornwell, our local Burton Holmes. He's always on the go. Sometimes, when he gets back from Chicago, he can't eat for a week. Then there's Lem Woodbine, our local sage, and Cliff Horton, the barber, who is, by the way, the biggest Elk in the county. I might go on for a page, but I think I ought to mention the women. They're all pretty, sir, from my wife down. We let them vote, too, but we count what we like.

Sandstone is solid as a rock. We're not troubled here with people who go crazy over some new fad and make the public pay big for finding out. Neither is Sandstone affected with that lull that follows some big thing, like other cities are. When the Panama Canal opened we never felt it.

If you'll be kind enough to publish my items

I'll do as much for you by setting you right on everything appertaining to the country. For instance, when we saw in your paper that picture about the lady and gentleman farmers we laughed. They never can get along working that way. But it showed plain as can be that crops are poor out your way. Think of women having to hunt all day for stray grain and only get a handful. It seems odd, because we've been told that New York sows enough wild oats to feed all Europe, and you know that wild oats don't harvest well at all.

Here are a few sayings and doings from Sandstone:

JOTTINGS

Libby Foster has returned from a short visit to New York. She told my wife that Fifth Avenue was the stare-way to society. Welcome home, Lib!

The cold spring has kept the raspberries down and the cutworms up. If it don't warm up soon the magazines will be advertising cutter paint.

Seven automobile parties from New York, bound for Mt. Clemons, had to stop here over night. The hotel couldn't make room for the chaf—*the drivers*—so the marshal let the boys sleep in the new burglar-proof jail, which hadn't been opened to the public yet. But some idiot locked the boys in and lost the key. However, no harm done. They were out and on the job early in the morning just the same.

When in Pittsburgh on business last week Art Phelps, noted for politeness, had trouble. In a crowd on the street, Art happened to step on somebody's foot. Not knowing whose foot it was, Art spoke out loud: "I beg your pardon." A big ironmaker came up quick and said: "So, you did that," and gave Art an awful swat.

Town board passed a resolution not to allow any thin, lame or spavined horses on the streets. Funny, but the junk dealers have snubbed us ever since.

Moving-pictures are all the go here now. We think they're fine, for the Town Hall is paying at last. What gets us is how those picture-takers happen to be on hand when girls are getting stolen, men lambasting each other for flirting, plug-uglies robbing the rich, boats floundering, and kids going around the world alone in eighteen minutes.

DEZAYAGRAPHS—II



By M. DEZAYAS

The Duchess of Marlboro

Plympton, the ice-cream man, is always trying to invent new flavors. He says he'll never try sassafras again.

Deacon Kluff's patent keep-it-hot-and-cold bottle got broken. The deacon was sorry to lose the stuff between the walls that makes the bottle work. It smelled a lot like liquor.

Lem Woodbine, philosopher says:

"When Prohibition comes in the door bums fly out the window." (Slicker.)

"The hand that spreads the powder rules the world." (Say!)

"A bee stings once and dies. A promoter don't." (Good boy, Lem!)

"The girl with a show-me-off dress never seems to notice anybody when everybody's noticing her." (Pippin.)

Poultry Note—By putting brandy in the food you can make any old rooster hover young chickens. I told that to a Philadelphia man and he laughed his fool head off.

I'm feeling well, and hope these few lines will find you the same.

Truly yours, ENOCH SHARP.

P.S.—If you write me, please let me know if Nat Goodwin, the actor, is married.



A CRISIS IN EUGENICS

JOHN IS "THERE," BUT PERCY OWNS AN AUTO

The Lost Master "What's become of Waring since he gave us all the slip?" was quoted by a man at the Painters' Club the other night. What made him think of Browning, he blandly explained to the two or three chaps sitting at his table on the terrace, was not the terrific heat, but the line swam across his memory when he recalled the name of Albertus Magnus as a green meteor seen for a moment far out at sea drops into the watery void. "Who, in the name of Apollo, is Albertus Magnus?" was asked. The painter sat up. "There you are, you fellows!" he roared. "You all paint or write or spoil marble, but for the history of your art you don't care a rap." "Yes, but what has your Albertus Thingamajig to do with Browning's Waring?" "Only this," was the grumbling reply; "it is a similar case." "A story, a story!" we all cried, and settled down for a yarn; but no yarn was spun. The painter relapsed into silence, and the group gradually dissolved. We sat still, hoping against hope.

"See here," we expostulated, "really you should not arouse expectations, and then evade the logical conclusions. It's not fair." "I didn't care to explain to those other fellows," was the reply. "They are too cynical for my taste. They go to the holy of holies of art to pray, and come away to scoff. Materialism, rather realism, as you call it, is the canker of modern art. Suppose I told you that here, now, in this noisy Tophet of New York, there lives a man of genius, who paints like a belated painter of the Renaissance? Suppose I said that I could show you his work, would you think I was crazy?" He paused. "A young genius, poor, unknown? Oh, lead us to him, Sir Painter, and we shall call you blest!" "He is not young, and, while the great public and the little dealers have not heard of him, he has a band of admirers, rich men leagued in a conspiracy of silence, who buy his pictures, though they don't show them to the critics." We reiterated our request: "Lead us to him!" Without noticing our importunities, he continued: "He paints for the sake of beautiful paint; he paints as did Hokusai, the Old-Man-Mad-for-Painting, or like Frenhofer, the hero in Balzac's story, 'The Unknown Masterpiece!' He is more like Balzac's Frenhofer—is that the chap's name?—than Browning's Waring. He is the lost master, a Frenhofer who has conquered, for he has a hundred masterpieces stored away in his studio." "Lost master?" we stuttered; "a hundred masterpieces that have never been shown to critic or public? Oh! 'Never star was lost here but it rose afar.'" "Yes, and he quotes Browning by the yard, for he was a close friend of the poet, and of his best critic, Nettleship, the animal painter, now dead." "Won't you tell his story connectedly, and put us out of our agony?" we pleaded. "No," he answered; "I'll do better. I'll take you to his studio." The evening ended in a blaze of fireworks.

The Visit Next afternoon we found ourselves in Greenwich Village, in front of a row of old-fashioned cottages covered with honeysuckle. You may recall the avenue and this particular block that has thus far resisted the temptation to become either lofty apartment or business palace. But the painter met us here, and conducted us westward until we reached a warehouse—gloomy, in need of repair, yet solid, despite the teeth of time. We entered the wagonway, traversed a dirty court, mounted a dark staircase, and paused before a low door. "Do you knock," we were admonished, and at once did so. Approaching footsteps. A rattling and grating of rusty bolts and keys. The door was slowly opened. A big hairy head appeared. The eyes set in this halo of white hair were positively the most magnificent I had ever seen sparkle and glow in a human countenance. If a lion were capable of being at once poet and prophet and exalted animal, his eyes would have possessed something of the glance of this stranger. We turned anxiously to our friend. He had disappeared. What a trick to play at such a moment. "Who do you wish?" rumbled a mellow voice. "Albertus Magnus?" we timidly inquired, expecting to be pitched down the stairs the next minute. "Ah!" was the reply. Silence. Then, "Come in, please; don't

THE SEVEN ARTS

JAMES HVNEKER



By C. B. FALLS

stumble over the canvases." We followed the old man, whose stature was not as heroic as his head; and we did not fail to stumble, for the way was obscure, and paved with empty frames, canvases, and a litter of bottles, paint tubes, easels, rugs, carpets, wretched furniture, and all the other flotsam and jetsam of an old-style studio. We were not sorry when we came into open space and light. We were in the room that doubtless concealed the lost masterpieces, and there, blithely smoking a cigarette, sat our guide, the painter. He had entered by another door, he explained; and, without noticing our discontented air, he introduced us to the man of the house. In sheer daylight he looked younger, though his years must have bordered upon the biblical three score and ten. But the soul, the brain that came out of his wonderful eyes, were as young as yesterday.

"Isn't he a corker?" irreverently demanded our friend. "He is not even as old as he looks. He doesn't eat vegetables, when thirsty he drinks anything he can get, and smokes day and night. And yet he calls himself an idealist." The old painter smiled. "I suppose I have been described as Waring to you, because I knew Robert Browning. I did vanish from the sight of my friends for years, but only in the attempt to conquer paint, not to achieve money or kingship, like the original Alfred Domest, called Waring in the poem. But when I returned from Italy I was a stranger in a strange land. No one remembered me. I had last seen Elihu Vedder at Capri. Worst of all, I had forgotten that with time fashions change in art as in dress, and nowadays no one understands me, and, with the exception of Arthur

Davies, I understand no one. I come from the Venetians, Davies from the early Florentines; his line is as beautiful as Pollajuolo. I love gold more than did Facino Cano of Balzac. Gold, ah! luscious gold, the lost secret of the masters. Tell me, do you love Titian?" We swore allegiance to the memory of Titian. The artist seemed pleased. "You younger men are devoted to Velasquez and Hals—too much so. Great as painters, possibly greatest among painters, their souls never broke away from the soil like runaway balloons. They miss height and depth. Their color never sings like Titian's. They surprise secrets in the eyes of their sitters, but never the secret surprised by the Italian. I sat at his feet, before his canvases, fifty years, and I'm further away than ever—"

"Look here, Albertus, you man with a name out of Thomas Aquinas, don't you think you are playing on your visitors' nerves, just to set them on edge with expectancy? I've heard this choral service for the glorification of Titian more than once, and I've inevitably noticed that you had a trump of your own up your sleeve. You love Titian. Well, admit it. You don't paint like him, your color scheme is something else, and what you are after you only know yourself. Come! trot out your 'Phantom Ship,' or 'The Cascade of Gold,' or, better still, that landscape with a river bank and shepherds." The old man gravely bowed. Then he manipulated the light, placed a big easel in proper position, fumbled among the canvases that made the room smaller, secured one and placed it before us. We drew a long breath. "Richard Wagner, not Captain Maryatt, was the inspiration," murmured the master.

The Lost Secret

The tormented vessel stormed down the picture, every inch of sail bellying out in a wind that blew a gale infernal beneath the rays, so it seemed to us, of a poisonous golden moon. The water was massive and rhythmic. In the first plane a smaller ship does not even attempt to tack. You anticipate the speedy crackling and smashing when the Flying Dutchman rides over her; but it never happens. Like the moonshine the phantom ship may melt into air-bubbles before it reaches the other boat. No figures are shown. Nevertheless, as we studied the picture we fancied that we discerned the restless soul of Vanderdecken pacing his quarter-deck, cursing the elements, or longing for some far away Senta. A poetic composition handled with masterly evasiveness, the color was the strangest part of it. Where had Albertus caught the secret of that flowing gold, potable gold; gold that threateningly

(Continued on page 20)

Buck



PROOF

DAUGHTER: Then you really think George has financial ability and can support me?
FATHER: You bet. I've talked with him and he has got people on his notes that I've been trying for years to hook on mine.



A TROUBADOUR SINGS

To many maids, bright as yon star
That shines in heaven's blue sea afar,
I have addressed unnumbered songs,
As though I had ten thousand tongues;
And see! Each love hath left its scar.

Had I been more particular,
Phyllis had won me, not Ettarre,
Nor Anne. Alas! my heart belongs
To many maids.

"In love with love!" they sneer, nor mar
One joy of mine. Love is my Czar!
Let me pursue those thrilling throngs
Of lace and ribbons! Life holds wrongs,
But this the greatest is: There are
Too many maids!

Charles Hanson Towne.

HELIOPRINTS FROM HADES

In her paper before the Ladies' Uplift Club, entitled "Garden Memories" Eve stated that her first quarrel with Adam occurred when she unwittingly made a salad out of his Sunday clothes.

The other evening at the monthly Opal Club Dance, Ben Franklin, while hesitating with Phraxanor, discovered what he thought to be a loose thread protruding from her corsage. It took Ben the entire dance and encore to get the other end of it. Phraxie has now consulted Sherlock Holmes as to the mysterious disappearance of her union suit.

"A Night in a Persian Garden" given by Hafiz and Omar was an indescribable treat. Luculus said it reminded him of the stunts he tried to put across in old Roman days; Josephine declared that she imagined herself once more at Versailles; while Hendrick Hudson remarked: "I vas tinking again of der lobster balaces of liddle old New York, vat?"

The Monthly Hadean promises to begin a new series of O. Henry stories next month. We have tried to persuade Henry to go around a little more, but he says he is only a country boy and that he wants to wait until his eyes become accustomed to this country. It is kind of rough on new-comers.

Diogenes came into the Rubbayit Buffet yesterday wearing one tan shoe and one black, a ragged toga that made the rainbow look like a huge mistake, a caved-in silk hat with a red, green and yellow band, with his face painted orange and purple. When the guests at the bar got their breath he explained to them that he was a Futurist.

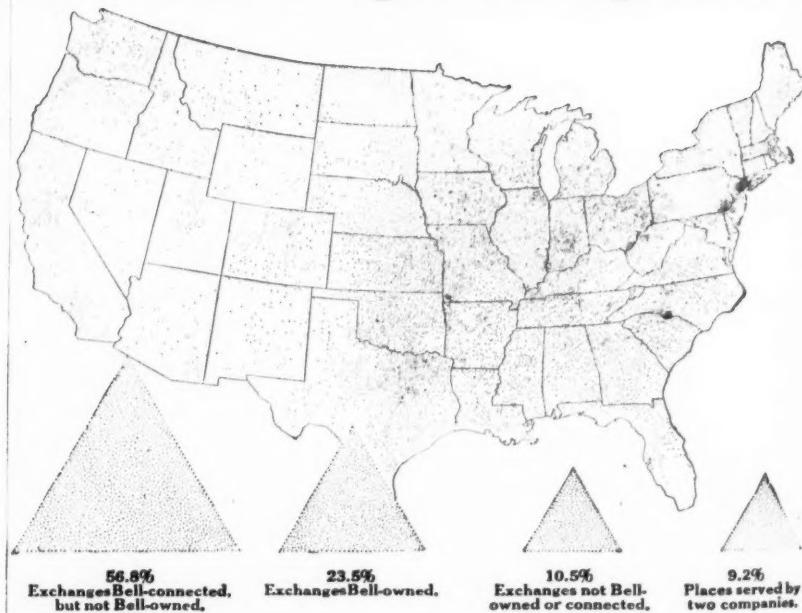
Since Phaeton and Don Quixote have suffered such terrible automobile smashups, Archimedes is trying to invent a machine that will run itself.

It is the universal opinion that the best number rendered at Dolly Madison's Musicale last Wednesday, was Hero and Leander's perfect rendition of that sweet old Fiske Jubilee selection: "Wasn't That a Wide River?"

Mr. and Mrs. Noah will celebrate their radium wedding next Thursday. Hiram, King of Troy, and De Lesseps have constructed a mammoth ark out in the middle of Sapphire Sea, and the reception will be held therein for sake of old times. Ham, Shem, and Japheth will carry the guests to and fro in the latest style hydroplanes. Noah promises us some rare vintages.

It is very difficult to do two things at once. For instance, it is almost impossible to love a rich girl and at the same time forget that she has money.

What the Telephone Map Shows



EVERY dot on the map marks a town where there is a telephone exchange, the same sized dot being used for a large city as for a small village. Some of these exchanges are owned by the Associated Bell companies and some by independent companies. Where joined together in one system they meet the needs of each community and, with their suburban lines, reach 70,000 places and over 8,000,000 subscribers.

The pyramids show that only a minority of the exchanges are Bell-owned, and that the greater majority of the exchanges are owned by independent companies and connected with the Bell System.

At comparatively few points are there two telephone companies, and there are comparatively few exchanges, chiefly rural, which do not have outside connections.

The recent agreement between the Attorney General of the United States and the Bell System will facilitate connections between all telephone subscribers regardless of who owns the exchanges.

Over 8,000 different telephone companies have already connected their exchanges to provide universal service for the whole country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service



YOU NEVER CAN TELL

He didn't seem to fit with regulations,
He had the experts puzzled from the start,
He doubtless couldn't pass examinations
On salesmanship considered as an art;
He set all mode and system at defiance,
He couldn't make reports to save his life,
He'd never studied business as a science,
His speech with sins grammatical was rife!

He wasn't very natty or impressive,
He couldn't talk exceptionally well,
Nor was his personality aggressive,
He didn't cast a "strange magnetic spell";
But somehow, though you couldn't tell the reason,
And his methods left you wholly in the air,
He was always breaking records every season,
When it came to getting orders—he was there!

Berton Braley.

THE PHILISTINE

There was a very Good Man who had made his fortune out of child labor and contributed largely to the Charities. Nevertheless he died and found himself in the outer darkness where there was weeping and chattering of teeth.

The Good Man addressed the Master. "There is some mistake," he said. "How is it that I who am so good find myself in Hell?"

"This," said the Master, "is Hades, not Hell; this is only the climax of your life."

Next day the Good Man found himself in a lake burning with fire and brimstone. "Alas," he cried, "that I who was in every good work am sent to Hell!"

"This is not Hell," replied the Devil, "this is only Tartarus. You are here to see only what kind of man you are."

Next day Mr. Good Man found himself in a place very like New York, conducting a large business, and with a note due that day and no means left to meet it. "Oh, why," he shrieked, "am I at last in Hell!"

"Because you have no imagination," answered God.



CRUEL DELIGHT

MERE AUTHOR: Why do you cultivate an acquaintance among literary persons?

BRUTAL FEMALE: You enjoy reading the roasting a book gets so much more when you happen to know the author.

Puck

ITS POPULARITY

"Which is the most popular hotel here?" inquired the traveler who had just descended from the cars.

"Right dis-uh-way, sah!" genuflected the sable servitor of one of Periwinkle's hosteries. "Every travelin' gen'leman dat has committed suicide in dis town for ten yeahs has done did so at de Palace Hotel. Gimme yo' grip, sah, and we'll be gwine!"



Here are the most popular members of the

Club Cocktail

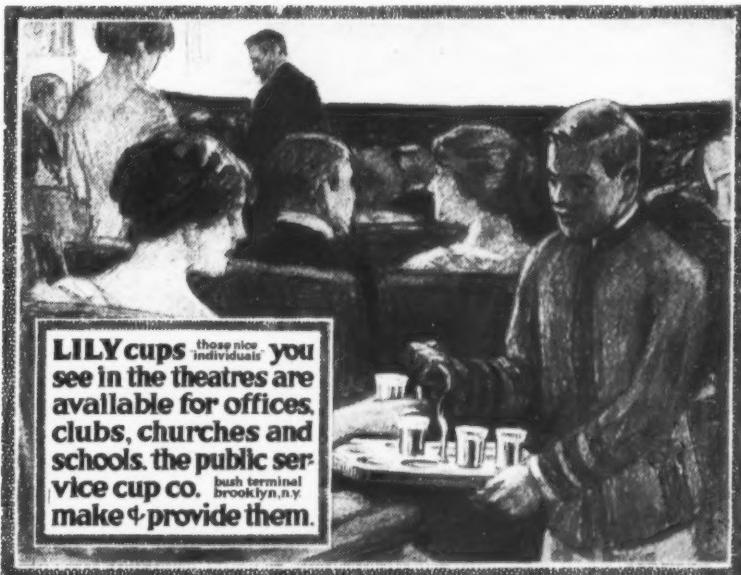
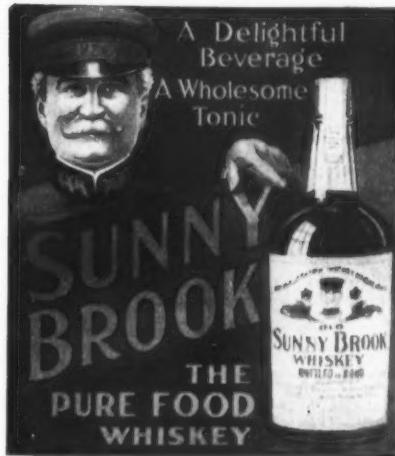
family—

Martini	Manhattan
Dry Martini	Dry Manhattan
Brut Martini	Bronx
Dubonnet	Tom Gin
Whiskey	Vermouth

Of finest materials, mixed to measure by experts and then aged in wood, each variety is preeminent in its class.

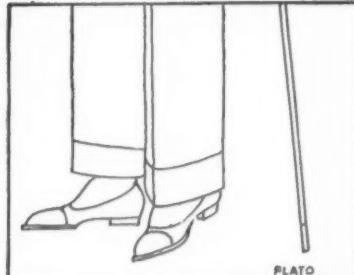
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ABRAHAM AND STRAUS BROOKLYN NEW YORK

THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

blazed in the storm wrack, gold as lyric as sunshine in spring! And why such sinister gold in a moon-lit sea? We suspected illusion. My friend, the painter, laughed: "Aha! you are looking for the sun, and is it only a moon overhead? Our conjurer here has a few tricks. Know then, credulous one, that the moon yonder is really the sun. Seek the reason for that suffused back-sky, realize that the solar photosphere in a mist is precisely the breeder of all this magic gold you so envy." "Yes," we exclaimed, "but the motion of it all, the grip! Only Turner—" We were interrupted by a friendly slap on the back. "Now, you are talking sense," said our friend. "Turner, a new Turner, who has heard the music of Wagner and read the magic prose of Joseph Conrad." What followed we shall not pretend to describe. Landscapes of old ivory and pearly grays; portraits, in which varnish modulated with colors of a gamut of intensity that set tingling the eyeballs, and played a series of tonal variations in the thick of which the theme was lost, hinted at, emerged triumphantly, and at the end vanished in the glorious arabesque; then followed apocalyptic visions, in which the solid earth staggered through the empyrean after a black sun—a magnetic disk doomed by a voice that cried aloud: "It is accomplished." Pastorals as ravishing as Giorgione's, with nuances of gold undreamed of since the yellow flecks in the robes of Rembrandt, faced us. Our very souls centered in our eyes; but, uncritical as was our mood in the presence of all this imaginative art, we could not help noting that it was without a single trait of the modern. Both in theme and treatment these pictures might have been painted at the time of the Renaissance. The varnish was as wonderful as that on the belly of a Stradivarius fiddle. The blues were of a celestial quality to be found in Titian, the resonant browns, the whites—ah! such exquisite whites, "plus blanche que la plus blanche hermine"—the rich blacks, sonorous reds and yellows—what were all these but secrets recovered from the old masters. The subjects were mainly legendary or mythological; no discordant note of "modernity" obtruded its ugly self. We were in the presence of something as rare as a lyric by Shelley or the playing of Frederic Chopin.

What! Why! How! we felt like asking all at once, but Albertus Magnus only smiled, and we choked our emotion. Why had he never exhibited at the Academy or at a special show? Our friend saw our embarrassment, and shielded us by blurting out: "No! he never exhibited, this obstinate Albertus. He never will. He makes more money than he needs, and will leave it to some cat asylum, for he is a hardened bachelor. Women do not interest him. You won't find one female head in all this amazing collection. Nor has the dear old Diogenes suffered from a love affair. His only love is his paint. His one weakness is a selfish, a miserly desire to keep all this beautiful paint for himself. Balzac would have delighted to analyze such a peculiar mania. Degas is amiability itself compared with this curmudgeon of genius. Now, don't stop me, Albertus—" "But I must," expostulated the painter. "I am always glad to receive visitors here if they are not dealers or persons ignorant of art, or those who think the moderns can paint. Yet no one comes to see me. My chattering friend here occasionally asks them, and he is a hoaxter. While I go nowhere—I haven't been east of Ninth Avenue for years. What shall I do?" "Paint!" was the curt answer of our friend, as we took our leave. In New York, now, a painter of genius who is known to few! Extraordinary! Is his name really Albertus Magnus, or is that only Latin for Albert Ryder? Our friend shrugged his shoulders and smiled mysteriously. We hate tomfoolery. Be frank! we adjured him. He hummed: "In Vishnu land what avatar?" "More Browning!" we sneered.

Then we crossed over to the club and talked art far into the night. Also wet our clay. And Albertus Magnus, will he never come from his paint cave and reveal to the world his masterpieces? Perhaps. Who knows! As the Russians say—Avos!

Puck

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Peace and Good-will are at a low price now, but 10 cents buys a tin of VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, that makes men friendly and homes happy.

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THE GENTLEMAN FARMER: I'm told a thunderstorm turns the milk sour!

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

NO CASE

She called to him softly from a nook in the conservatory.

"There is something I wish to say to you," she murmured.

He sat down beside her.

"I scarcely know where to begin," she continued, after a moment. "The subject of which I would speak is rather—er—delicate; and I'm the last one in the world to make trouble or carry tales. But I thought you ought to know."

"I see," he said, kindly, "go on."

"Well, to make a long story short, I came in here five minutes ago. I was alone. My head was aching, and I wanted to get away from the light and the chatter inside there, so I came here, and after a little while I heard voices. I was so provoked to think that I must get up just when I had made myself comfortable, but of course I couldn't be an eavesdropper."

"Certainly not."

"So I started to leave, only I recognized the voices; or at least one of them—the woman's."

"I see." He was becoming interested. "And something that was said arrested my attention. I knew I shouldn't, but I listened."

"Of course."

"It was all perfectly silly—but really, I thought you should know. I've never heard such twiddle-twaddle. Honestly, I'm at a loss how to proceed. He told her she was his ducky darling, and she said she would always love him. And then they began kissing."

"Nothing out of the ordinary in that," he suggested. "There are several engaged couples here to-night."

"But they were not engaged," she said; "the woman was—Oh, how can I tell you?"

"You must tell me," he said.

"Well—if I must, the woman was your wife. Now please don't do anything rash; promise me you will consider be-

fore you act. I realize that this must be a terrible blow to you, but I'm sure you'll see it's best not to make a scene."

For a moment he seemed at a loss for words. He was palpably confused.

"You see," he said, apologetically, "we've only been married a week—and all that. I—I was the man you overheard with my—er—wife."

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No matter how pure the beer—light plays havoc with the purity and starts decay.

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Puck



LINGUISTICS

SHE: Did you have trouble with your French when you were in Paris?
HE: I didn't, but the Parisians did!

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PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 15)

onto poor old Vardon and to Braid and Taylor by the leeches of golf—and you know what they think of it. Now, I am using a hundred photographs of you in this book, and your name and mine are going to be associated in the history of the game, and you are going to know and pass every word in that book."

We put in two nights at it, and Duncan proved a most intelligent reader, but we made no material change, so it is funny now to read such nonsense under Duncan's name.

I suspect it is the old game—the use of a great name by some incompetent.

Every man thinks he knows how he slices, although many, like Mr. Walter J. Travis, do not. In "Practical Golf" he says that one pulls in one's hands at the moment of impact, which is just as silly as it would be to say that in the pull at the moment of impact the hands are pushed out.

In the slice, at the moment of impact, the hands are coming in, but they are only coming in because the line of travel of the club's head is across the intended line of flight.

So is it with the outward and slightly upward cut of the pull. Nothing is done, or attempted to be done, during impact. That would be sheer futility. The pace of the club's head precludes the possibility of that; and the turn over of the hands comes long after the ball has been sent on its way, even as does the opposite action in the slice.

Duncan says: "It would benefit American golf a lot if Mr. Vaire can show them how to produce the upright swing, but I am afraid this is a bit beyond his powers."

Is it? We shall see.

Duncan admittedly has modelled his style on Vardon's, and it certainly is a beautiful, free natural style. I have, in "Modern Golf," shown by eighteen photographs of all portions of his stroke, instead of the conventional address, top of swing and finish, how Duncan plays the upright swing.

Recently I have gone much further. I have produced a statuette of Harry Vardon at the top of his upright swing, the finest stroke in golf, which is, I believe, the greatest golf lesson ever published; and now I am completing a life-size statue showing the upright swing of Harry Vardon.

So in due course we shall see if friend Duncan's fear is warranted.

The worst I wish him in the meantime is that he may stop the march of the triumvirate. He is good enough to do it, and is overdue—but he will do it.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.

TOO WISE FOR THAT

EVANGELIST: Young man, you are on the road to Hell.
YOUNG MAN: Maybe I am, sir, but I'm not going so fast that I can't enjoy the scenery.

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DIARY

January 14, 1814.
We started to Philadelphia today, and proved a rather hard day for a journeyman. We left the coach at noon day for the comforts of a wayside inn, where we lingered over some wonderful

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Thoroughly appreciated in the days of stage-coach journeys—and just as good today. A straight Pennsylvania Rye whiskey of mellow flavor and rare bouquet. Aged in the wood and bottled in bond.

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Here we go again, breaking all records for new, nobby, ahead-of-the-time styles. Be the first in your town to wear a suit that is ahead of the times. Send us a postal card, and we send the suit complete; you can make big money too; there is

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always pre-
good-looking
so good and
that he has
make a won-
wrote "Pin-
Frank Reich
were not su-
always cast
play in which
"strong" p-
unpleasant ta-

KNICK: Are
KNACK: Yes
his wife har-
daughter is al-
young boy pla-
(usually) on a



THE
"Goodne-
face is, i-
"Yes'm;
for more"

Buck

AMPLIFIED PERSONALITY

"What's the idea of using the pronoun 'we' so often in your articles?"

"Well," replied the contributing editor, "it's a matter of self-protection. In case anybody takes offense I want to sound as much as possible like a crowd." — *Washington Star*.

FEARED THE TRUTH

"George," said the wife to her generally unappreciative husband, "how do you like my new hat?"

"Well, my dear," said George, with great candor, "to tell you the truth—"

"Stop right there, George! If you're going to talk that way about it I don't want to know." — *Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

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BEAT HIM TO IT

"What is Cholly so indignant about?"

"He was about to offer a girl a platonic regard."

"Well?"

"She spoke first, and told him that was all she could offer him." — *Kansas City Journal*.

EXPENSIVE TOGGERY

"Everything seems to be going up in price. Would you believe it, it costs almost as much nowadays to dress a child as it does a grown person?"

"I don't doubt it at all. Only yesterday I had to buy a new dog collar for Fifi and the prices have almost doubled." — *Detroit Free Press*.

COOK'S
Imperial Burgundy
Champagne

exquisite of bouquet, delicate of flavor, full of sparkle. The difference between the cost of Cook's and imported champagnes pays ocean freight and import duty.

AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS

15

THE INDICATOR
"Goodness, how dirty your face is, little boy!"
"Yes'm; we ain't had comp'ny for more'n a week."

NO MAN'S FOOL

THE PUPPET SHOP

(Continued from page 7)

ner in which emotions on the stage have always precisely been expressed; that no good-looking young girl can really be quite so good an actress as she seems to be; that he has in his own life a story that would make a wonderful play; that DeWolf Hopper wrote "Pinafore" and "The Mikado"; that Frank Reicher would be a better actor if he were not such a homely man; that the moon always casts a purple light; and that any play in which the characters talk sense is a "strong" play, but one which "leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth."

KNICK: Are they a musical family?

KNACK: Yes. The father blows his own horn, his wife harps on the same old string, the daughter is always singing her own praises, the young boy plays hookey, and the eldest son is (usually) on a foot. — *The Orchestrian*.

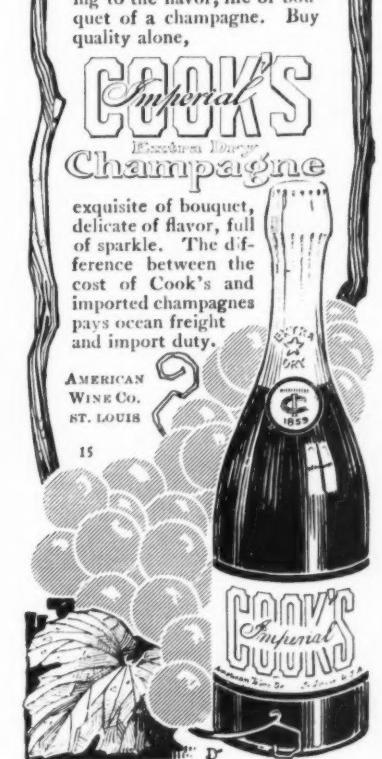
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